

ATOMIC

10¢  
OCT. No. 8

ATTACK!

BLOOD  
and GUTS

EXPEDITION  
"MEAT CHOPPER"

# The Island that *DISAPPEARED*

"IT WAS THROUGH THE DESTRUCTION OF ENEMY ROCKET LAUNCHERS DURING THE MONTH OF AUGUST, 1972, THAT THE FORCES OF THE U.K. WERE ABLE TO BRING SAFETY TO THE CITIES OF THE WESTERN WORLD, AND STALEMATE A RED ATTACK THAT MIGHT HAVE CAUSED OUR ULTIMATE DEFEAT."

U.K. OFFICIAL ARCHIVES

BEHIND THE DRY WORDS OF THE ABOVE PARAGRAPH LIES ONE OF THE MOST INTENSELY DRAMATIC STORIES OF THE LATE WAR... A STORY THAT FOR THRILLS, FAR EXCEEDS THE FICTION OF TODAY. HERE ARE THE EXCITING FACTS OF WHAT TOOK PLACE DURING THOSE DARK DAYS WHEN THE FATE OF THE DEMOCRATIC WORLD HUNG IN THE BALANCE....

EARLY IN AUGUST, 1972, ON THE U.K. FRONT IN ASIA....

AN ENEMY FLAME!

LOOK, SOMEONE'S TRYING TO REACH OUR LINES.

MAYBE IT'S A TRICK TO GET A SPY INTO OUR LINES. I'LL PLUS HIM!

WHA? WE'LL TAKE HIM ALIVE. THEY'LL WANT TO QUESTION HIM AT H.Q.!



THE U.S. GUARD FERE OUT DOWN THE FLEEING MAN'S PERSUASION.

GEAT, BUSTIN, THIS IS AS FAR AS YOU RUN!

THANK GOD, I MADE IT! TAKE ME TO HEADQUARTERS AT ONCE!



HEADQUARTERS?

THERE'S NO TIME TO WASTE. I'M MAJOR HALLECK, *OF INTELLIGENCE!* THEY'LL IDENTIFY ME THERE.

ALL RIGHT, MEN, TAKE THIS MAN TO HEAD-QUARTERS, BUT KEEP A SHARP WATCH ON HIM IT MAY BE A *TRICK!*

HIS IDENTITY ESTABLISHED, MAJOR HALLECK TELLS A STORY THAT IS DESIGNED TO ROCK THE U.S. COMMAND.



I HAVE HERE THE PLANS OF A COMPLETELY NEW TYPE OF ROCKET AND LAUNCHER SITE BEING BUILT ON FALLOU ISLAND IN THE PACIFIC.

GO ON.

FROM FALLOU THESE ROCKETS CAN BE ACCURATELY AIMED AT ANY CITY IN THE WORLD. WHEN THEY EXPLODE THEY WILL SPREAD RADIO-ACTIVE DUST FOR HUNDREDS OF MILES-- YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS.



YES, THOSE CITIES WILL BE-- BE UNINHABITABLE FOR YEARS TO COME.



YOU HAVE READ THESE PLANS, PLANS, MAJOR CAN THEY BE STOPPED?

YES, BY RADAR DETECTION UNITS. BUT BY THE TIME WE BUILD AND INSTALL THEM IT WILL BE TOO LATE.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND. OUR CITIES ARE ALREADY EQUIPPED WITH SUCH DEVICES.



DON'T YOU SEE? IF THEY ARE EXPLODED IN ANY WAY OVER OUR CITIES THE ROCKETS ACCOMPLISH THEIR PURPOSE. THEY MUST BE STOPPED OVER THE PACIFIC WHERE THEY CAN DO NO HARM.

I SEE! THE LAUNCHERS MUST BE DESTROYED!

BY THE NEXT MORNING A VAST ARMY OF PILOTLESS BOMBERS ARE READY TO FLY AGAINST PALAU.

COEFFICIENTS CHECK--ANGLE OF ELEVATION CHECK--STARTING SPEED CHECK--**TAKE OFF!**



AND ON THE FIELD OUTSIDE THE ROBOT PLANES ZOOM INTO THE AIR.



AND STREAK THROUGH THE AIR TOWARD THEIR PREARRANGED TARGET...



BUT AS THE ROBOTS APPROACH PALAU A RED DETECTION UNIT PREPARES FOR THE ATTACK...

WHEN THEY REACH THE FIFTH PARALLEL, PREPARE TO FIRE...

THEY NOW CROSS THE FOURTH PARALLEL AT FORTY DEGREES.



ENEMY ARE AT TARGET!

**FIRE!**



AND INSTANTLY THE  
ENTIRE ARMADA IS  
ENVELOPED IN RINGS  
OF ATOMIC FIRE—  
WHILE FROM HIDDEN  
BATTERIES BELOW,  
ATOMIC SHELLS  
BURST AMONG THE  
PLANES.



IN MOMENTS, THE ENTIRE ROBOT FLEET IS BUT A  
CRUMPLED, TWISTED MASS OF USELESS METAL.



AND AT U.S. GENERAL HEADQUARTERS A MEETING OF  
THE JOINT HIGH COMMAND IS IN PROGRESS.

NOT ONE OF OUR PLANES  
ESCAPED. IT IS USELESS  
TO ATTACK THEM THAT WAY.

IT IS FANTASTIC. THEY  
HAVE LEFT NO SPOT NEAR  
OR ON THAT ISLAND IN A  
VULNERABLE POSITION.



BY NIGHTFALL, ALL OVER THE WESTERN WORLD,  
EVACUATION OF THE GREAT CITIES BEGINS.

THE SITUATION IS VERY GRAVE.  
UNLESS SOMETHING CAN BE DONE  
TO STOP THEM, OUR CITIES  
ARE DOOMED.

I THINK A MEETING  
OF THE SECURITY COUNCIL  
SHOULD BE CALLED  
IMMEDIATELY.



AND IN NEW YORK, AT A SECRET MEETING OF THE SECURITY COUNCIL, A WORRIED HIGH COMMAND WONDERED IF THEY HAVE BEEN HEARD...

WE CANNOT FACE SUCH DESTRUCTION.  
IF WE DON'T GIVE IN THEY WILL  
DESTROY US!

IT WOULD BE BETTER TO  
ACCEPT DESTRUCTION  
RATHER THAN SURRENDER  
TO THEM!

THERE MUST BE SOME WAY TO  
DESTROY THOSE LAUNCHERS.  
BEFORE THEY COULD GET NEW  
ONES BUILT, WE COULD NULLIFY  
THEIR EFFECT.

THERE IS A WAY!  
MISTER PRESIDENT!

QUICKLY THE PROFESSOR EXPLAINS  
HIS DISCOVERY TO THE COUNCIL.

THE DELEGATE FROM THE  
UNITED STATES HAS  
SOMETHING THAT MAY  
HELP US.

YES! THIS IS  
PROFESSOR MCGURN  
OLD, PROFESSOR OF  
OCEANOGRAPHY AT MID-  
WESTERN UNIVERSITY. HE  
HAS THE ANSWER TO OUR  
PROBLEM!

BENEATH THE PACIFIC IN THE AREA OF PALAU  
IS A GIANT "FAULT"—THAT IS, A CRACK BENEATH  
THE EARTH'S SURFACE, THAT STRETCHES  
BENEATH THE ISLAND OF PALAU.

CONTINUE, DR.

THE ISLAND IS VOLCANIC. IF WE COULD PLANT  
AN H-BOMB INSIDE THAT CRACK AND THEN SET  
IT OFF, THE VOLCANO WOULD EXPLODE WITH THE  
FORCE OF TEN MORE AND DESTROY PALAU!

WOULD IT BE DIFFICULT TO DO  
WHAT YOU SUGGEST?

WITH A SUBMARINE, YES, AND  
A LITTLE TIME WE CAN  
ACCOMPLISH THE MISSION.  
ONLY THE ENEMY CAN  
STOP US.

YOU SHALL HAVE  
WHATEVER YOU  
ASK FOR. THE  
RESOURCES OF THE  
ENTIRE U.S. ARE AT  
YOUR COMMAND.

WITHIN THREE DAYS A SLEEK ATOMIC SUB CARRYING AN H-BOMB AND A CREW OF EXPERT UNDERWATER DEMOLITION MEN TAKES OFF ON ITS DESPERATE JOURNEY...

MAY GOD GO WITH THEM!



AT TOP SPEED THE SUB HEADS ACROSS THE PACIFIC TOWARD THE ISLAND OF DESTRUCTION...



WHEN YOU ARE ALL OUTSIDE WE WILL PREPARE THE BOMB AND SEND IT TO YOU THROUGH THE LOCK.

SOME DAYS LATER, FAR BELOW THE FLACID PACIFIC, DIVERS EQUIPPED WITH SELF-PROPULLED SUITS PREPARE FOR THE CO-OR-DIE MISSION.



WITH THE DIVERS OUTSIDE, THE SUB CREW SINGLY MOVES THE HUGE H-BOMB INTO PLACE.

I'LL FEEL A LOT BETTER WHEN THAT THING IS OUT OF HERE!

I'LL FEEL BETTER WHEN I'M FIFTY MILES AWAY FROM IT!



MINUTES LATER THE UNDERWATER DEMOLITION TEAM MEN FLOAT THE DEADLY EXPLOSIVE OUT OF THE LOCK...

OKAY, FROG, LEAD THE WAY.

ALL RIGHT, START YOUR PROPELLERS.



LED BY THE PROFESSOR, THEY GUIDE THE BOMB INTO A GIANTIC UNDERWATER CANYON NEVER BEFORE EXPLORED BY HUMANS...

THE PRESSURE WILL GET STRONGER AND STRONGER. BE PREPARED TO ADJUST YOUR OXYGEN...





GRAY, PROF, SHE'S SET TO BLOW IN EXACTLY TWO HOURS!

GOOD, NOW LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

LIKE A SCHOOL OF FRIGHTENED FISH THEY STREAK BACK TOWARD THE SUB.



REACHING THE SUB THEY ARE DECOMPRESSED AND TAKEN ABOARD.



LET'S HOPE IT'S FULL ENOUGH! THAT TRICK BACK THERE GIVES ME THE HITTERS.

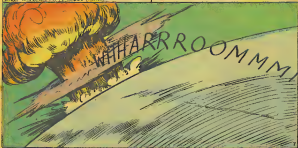
AN HOUR LATER, THE SUB SURFACES AND THE CREW CROWDS THE RAIL FOR A GLIMPSE OF WHAT IS ABOUT TO TAKE PLACE.

I CAN'T STAY IT! WHEN IS IT GOING TO GO?

AND BEHOLD NOW!



THEN THE OCEAN ERUPTS IN A CATASTROPHIC EXPLOSION THAT STRIKES AVE IN THE HEARTS OF THE TENSE GROUP WATCHING FIFTY MILES AWAY.





MEANWHILE ON THE ISLAND, THE REDS PREPARE TO LAUNCH THEIR FIRST ROCKET OF DESTRUCTION—IT'S DESTINATION, NEW YORK...

THIS WILL BRING THE JLN. TO ITS KNEES. AS JAPAN QUIT AFTER THE ATOM BOMBING BACK IN 1945 SO WILL THE U.N. QUIT AFTER THIS...

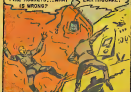
READY, SIR!



BUT AT THAT PRECISE MOMENT...

GOOD, PREPARE TO FIRE ROCKETS!...WHAT IS WRONG?

FEELS LIKE AN EARTHQUAKE!



IT IS! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!



IT'S THE VOLCANO! IT'S ERUPTING!

QUICK, TO THE BOMB SHELTERS!

AFFEEEE!



THEN, IN ONE SUPER-COLOSSAL EXPLOSION THE ISLAND IS BLOWN TO SMITHERS IN A BLAST SUCH AS THE WORLD HAS NEVER SEEN...



THE U.N. FORCES HAD WON THE DAY. TODAY, THERE IS NO TRACE OF THE ISLAND OF PALAO. LIKE THE GREAT ISLAND OF KRATON IN 1928 IT HAS DISAPPEARED FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH.

THE END

# BLOOD AND GUTS

IN THE DARK DAYS OF WORLD WAR II, WHEN GERMANY WAS TRYING TO DESTROY THE MORALE AND SPIRIT OF THE ENTIRE WORLD BY HURLING RUZZ BOMBS ON THEIR FLIGHTS OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION, DISTURBING WORD REACHED THE ALLIED HIGH COMMAND OF A NEW AND MORE DEADLY WEAPON THAT MIGHT SOON BE UNLEASHED ON THE GREAT CITIES OF EUROPE. THIS IS THE HITHERTO UNTOLD STORY OF HOW TWO BRAVE MEN PREVENTED ITS USE --- TWO MEN WHO WERE THE LIVING EXAMPLES OF THAT FAMOUS NAME GIVEN TO GENERAL GEORGE PATTON "BLOOD AND GUTS"...



A CHILLY NIGHT IN THE FALL OF 1945,  
AS TWO MEN NEAR THE SHORE OF  
NORMANDY...

HERE WE ARE.  
KEEP YOUR EYES  
PEELED FOR KRAUT  
PATROLS.

WE GOT A BREAK.  
THERE'S NO MOON.

SO FAR SO GOOD.  
GOT TO DEFLATE  
THIS BOAT AND  
SURF IT.

I'LL FEEL A  
LOT BETTER  
WHEN WE CON-  
TACT OUR MAN.



MAKING THEIR WAY THROUGH BUNKERVILLE THE TWO FINALLY ARRIVE AT THEIR RENDEZVOUS IN ST. MERE DELISE...

A PAUL MORSE. AND HE THAT RIDER HIM?

DEATH... COME IN.



WE ARE LOOKING FOR LE RAIDER.

HE WAS EXPECTING YOU?



HE SHOULD BE. WE ARE UNDER ORDERS TO REPORT TO HIM. THIS IS PAUL, THOMAS AND I AM LEW BARR, US ARMY INTELLIGENCE.

SOP AND I, MONSIEUR, AM LE RAIDER. LET US GO TO THE CELLAR. WE CAN TALK MORE COMFORTABLY THERE.

IN THE CELLAR THE TWO MEN EXPLAIN THEIR MISSION...

THE HIGH COMMAND IS AFRAID THIS NEW GERMAN WEAPON WILL PROVE TO BE FATAL. WE ARE TRYING OUT WHAT IT IS.

OH, YOU HAVE COME TO THE RIGHT PLACE. THE BOCHS ARE CONDUCTING THEIR EXPERIMENTS AT A ROCKET LAUNCHING SITE NEAR HERE.



TOMORROW I WILL TAKE YOU FOR A RECONNAISSANCE. PERHAPS YOU CAN SEE FOR YOURSELF WHAT THEY ARE DOING.

GOOD, WE'LL BE READY. NOW IF WE COULD GET SOME SLEEP... IT HAS BEEN A LONG TRIP.



SOME HOURS LATER THREE FIGURES WORE THEIR WAY TOWARD ONE OF THE GERMAN MACHINE GUN NESTS THAT GUARDED THE LAUNCHING SITE...



SUDDENLY THEY JUMP...

YEE...UHNN...

ACH...



Cautiously they crawl on to the spot indicated by the raiders, there they see a remarkable sight...

LOOKS LIKE SOME NEW KIND OF PLANE.

YEAH, EIGHTY SHORT RUNWAY. STOPS AWFUL SUDDEN, MUST HAVE GIVEN THE PILOT A REAL JOLT!



THERE IS A BRIEF STRUGGLE AND THEN...

THEY WON'T BOTHER US, WHERE TO NOW?

JUST A LITTLE FARTHER ON, THERE, WE CAN LOOK RIGHT IN ON THE LAUNCHING SPOT.



SAY, NO ONE GOT GOTT'N HOLY SMOKE! THE DO YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS?

GERMANS HAVE A PLOTLESS PLANE!



THAT NIGHT THE SECRET SHORTWAVE RADIO PLUNGED BETWEEN LONDON AND LE RAIDERS HQ...WHEN THE MESSAGES ARE DECODED...

THEY WANT ALL POSSIBLE DETAILS OF THE PLANE IMMEDIATELY... SPEED, SIZE, PICTURES... THEY DON'T WANT MUCH, EH?

WHAT ABOUT THAT FILM WE SAW THEM SHOOT TODAY? THINK WE COULD... ER... LIBERATE IT?



ARE YOU CRAZY? THAT FILM IS PROBABLY UNDER CONSTANT GUARD, AND...

WAIT, MONSIEUR, IT MAY NOT BE SO CRAZY. THAT FILM IS ALWAYS SENT TO GERMAN HEADQUARTERS IN PARIS. WE KNOW?-- NOW IF WE COULD INTERCEPT IT.





EARLY THE NEXT MORNING AS LE BAIDER AND THE OTHERS SOON THE PARIS ROAD FOR THE GERMAN COMMAND CAR.



AS THE SECOND GERMAN CAR BEARS DOWN ON THEM, ITS OCCUPANTS SEND A MAIL OF LEAD DEATH AT THE DESPERATE SEARCHERS. FINALLY, THE FILM IS FOUND...



HERE IT IS! I'VE GOT IT!

THEN LET US RUN WHILE WE STILL LIVE! FOLLOW ME!

THEY GOT RAYMOND!

COME, WE CANNOT HELP HIM! WE WOULD NOT WANT US TO!



BACK AT RESISTANCE HEADQUARTERS THE MEN OF THE UNDERGROUND LOOK AT THE CAPTURED FILM...



THOSE ARE THE PLANS FOR THE PLANE. THEY MUST HAVE ADDED THE FILM THEY SHOT YESTERDAY TO THEM.

WITH THIS INFO THE ALLIES CAN BUILD A PLANE AS GOOD AS NEW! WHAT A BREAK!

AT THAT MOMENT...



QUICK! YOU MUST GET OUT OF HERE. THE BOOKE ARE CONDUCTING A SEARCH OF EVERY HOUSE!

WHAT DO WE DO NOW?

WE ARE PREPARED. PIERRE, GASTON, HELP THEM GET AWAY!

WORKING AT TOP SPEED, GASTON AND PIERRE ARE SUCCESSFUL AT GETTING THE FILM



GOOD! YOU BOTH HAVE THEM! YES, IN THE VALVE OF THE ENGINE! YOU HAVE THE FILM!

YES, IN THE VALVE OF THE ENGINE! YOU HAVE THE FILM!

BUT AS THE TWO REACH THE DOOR OF THE CHURCH, A GERMAN SEARCH PATROL INTERCEPTS...



WELL, YES, YES!

YOU'RE JUST IN TIME, SERGEANT! THREE SPYES HAVE JUST RUN FROM HERE!



DESPERATELY, THE TWO BATTLE FOR THEIR LIVES AND THE PRECIOUS INFORMATION THEY HAVE IN THEIR POSSESSION...



USING ALL THE TRICKS OF THEIR COMMANDO TRAINING, THEY MANAGE TO LIQUIDATE THE PATROL...



DASHING TO THE SHORE, THEY PLUNGE INTO THE CHILL WATERS. AT THAT MOMENT OTHER PATROLS, ATTRACTED BY THE SHOTS, SPURR ONTO THE BEACH...



WHOW! THIS IS LIKE DRIVING AT THE WRONG END OF A SHOOTING GALLERY...

IF I GET OUT OF THIS ALIVE, I'M GOING TO TAKE UP KNITTING.



BUT FORTUNE IS WITH THEM, AND A COUPLE OF MINUTES LATER WILLING HANDS HAUL THEM ONTO THE BEACH...



GET THEM BELOW! HURRY! THEY'LL HAVE THEIR AIR CANS ON US IN A MINUTE!



THEN, AS THE SHOT BATTERIES BEGIN TO FIRE, THE SUB SLOWLY SINKS FROM SIGHT AND STARTS THE JOURNEY HOME...



IN LONDON, BARR AND THOMAS WERE BOTH RECOMMENDED FOR THE DISTINGUISHED SERVICE CROSS. THE THREAT OF THE NEW NAZI SECRET WEAPON WAS SQUASHED FOR GOOD... THE END...



# EXPEDITION CHOPPER



THE JET JOCKEYS ALWAYS SMILED WHEN ANYONE MENTIONED AN "EGG-BEATER," AND THEY NEVER TIED OF RIDING THE HELICOPTER PILOTS WHO PUSHED THEM THROUGH THE KOREAN DUES. IT TOOK CAPTAIN JACK FARLEY TO SHOW THEM WHAT A "HINLEY BIRD" COULD REALLY DO WHEN HE FLEW A MISSION THAT NO JET COULD UNDER TAKE. IN "EXPEDITION CHOPPER".

THE OFFICER'S CLUB, AT SQUADRON OPERATIONS HEADQUARTERS SOMEWHERE IN KOREA.

MADE WAY FOR A COUPLE OF REAL PILOTS.

CUT IT OUT, YOU JUNIOR GENTLEMEN, JUST SIT DOWN AND BE QUIET.



WELL, SOMEHOW WAS THE DAYS PLEASURE TRIP? DID THE COUNTRY SEE LOVE LOVELY FROM YOUR "CHOPPER"

OKAY TOM, COME ON, IT. I KNOW YOU WHEN YOU'RE OBSERVING ONCE YOURSELF.





CAPTAIN FARLEY'S CHANCE WAS COMING SOONER THAN HE THOUGHT. AT THAT VERY MOMENT A PATROL SCOUTS THE HUNSAI PASS...



A cartoon illustration of a man in a yellow space suit inside a transparent dome, looking out at a woman falling from the sky. A speech bubble from the man says "PREPARE TO DIVE... PEEL OFF!".

BUT AS THE JET STARTS TO RISE FROM ITS STRAPPING RIM, THE TRUCK NEXT IN LINE BLASTS IT...



AND THE JET MEETS FLAMING DOOM IN A HORRIBLE CRASH.



A SECOND JET ZOOMS LOW TO BLAST A TRUCK. BUT IT TOO, IS CAUGHT BY MACHINE GUN FIRE...



BACK AT OPERATIONAL HQ... A REPORT OF THE DISASTROUS ATTACK COMES IN.

THEY SAY THE TRUCKS ARE SPACED TOO FAR APART. WE'RE AVERAGE. A TRUCK A PLANE. THAT'S BUILT IN INEFFICIENCY!

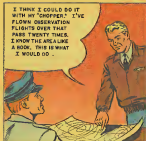
THE BOMB ARE GETTING WIDE. WE'VE PLASTERED THEM LIKE TWO REPORT.



WE COULD GET THAT COLUMN IF WE COULD REDUCE IT. THE TRUCKS WOULD FILE UP LIKE SITTING BUCKS.

WE KNOW THAT, FARMER. BUT NOW ARE WE TO DO IT?





SLOWLY THE COPTER PICKS UP SPEED AND SCOOTs TOWARD THE PASS AS FARLEY LEAPS FROM THE COCKPIT...



AT THAT MOMENT THE BOMB GOES OFF...



OKAY, GET MOVING!  
IT'S YOURS...

BABY NOW  
...OH, DOWN...



ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BLOCKED PASS, THE  
RED ENGINEs BEGIN TO FILE UP...

WHAT HAS HAPPENED?

MOUNTAIN TO IN AIR?  
BIG BIRD CRASH AND  
GO BOOM!



AS THEY TALK, A DISTANT ROAR BECOMES LOUDER...

LOOK! AMERICAN PLANES.

THEY COME DOWN ON US!

FLEE! FLEE!

NO! NO!  
SHOOT THEM  
DOWN!

RAGING EXPLOSIVES ON THE CLOSELY PACKED TRUCKS, THE JETS COMPLETELY DESTROY THE SUPPLY TRUCKS...

BAROOOMMM!

THE FOLLOWING DAY, FARLEY, RESCUED BY A "CHOPPER" RECEIVES A DELEGATION OF JET PILOTS AT THE FIELD HOSPITAL...

HI, FELLOWS, DID YOU HAVE FUN YESTERDAY?

SURE, THANKS TO YOU... ER WE BROUGHT SOMETHING FOR YOU.

WE FIGURED YOU FINALLY PROVED YOUR POINT. YOUR "EGG BEATERS" ARE SOME GOOD AFTER ALL. SO WE'RE CONFERRING ON YOU, THE JET JOCKEY EGG BEATER AWARD.

# HEROES ARE BORN. NOT MADE

THE RATE THEY  
SHOT THE MEDIC!

SOMEBODY'S GOT TO  
GET THE SARGE!

PETE KORN WAS THE PERFECT SARGENT. WHEN THERE WAS A BATTLE TO BE FOUGHT WITH POTS AND PANS OR K.P. OR A DIRTY DETAIL TO BE TAKEN CARE OF, YOU COULD BE SURE HE'D GET THE JOB. BUT WHEN THE CHIPS WERE DOWN, PETE PROVED THAT "HEROES ARE BORN, NOT MADE".

FROM THE TIME WE BEGAN OUR TRAINING AT FORT BRASS, IT SEEMED AS IF PETE KORN AND SGT. "BULL" WHIP WERE DESTINED TO GET INTO EACH OTHER'S HAIR.

A FINE LOT OF MATERIAL THEY'RE GIVIN' US THESE DAYS. ...YOU? STAND UP STRAIGHT— WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

PETE KORN. ER... SIR.

KORN, EH? YOU LOOK IT, BUT I'LL MAKE A SOLDIER OUT OF YOU OR JUST A CUT TATIN'. THE FIRST THING IS DON'T CALL ME SIR!

YES, SIR... ER, SARGE.







WHEN OUR BASIC TRAINING WAS COMPLETED, WE WERE SHIPPED TO KOREA. AS WE BOARDED THE TRANSPORT...



AND SO THINGS WERE "BULL" NEVER GAVE PETE A CHANCE AND PETE BEGAN TO HATE HIM...



SUDDENLY, A HORDE OF REDS POURED OUT ON US IN A BARRAGE OF FIRE...



WHEN IT WAS OVER WE HAD THE REDS ON THE RUN. WE LOOKED AROUND AND TOOK ACCOUNT...



A MOMENT LATER THE MEDIC RAN OFF. BUT AS HE HEADED THE SPOT WHERE TAPER LAY, A BURST OF ENEMY FIRE CUT HIM DOWN...



THEN HE WAS GONE. PETE DISMISSED HIS RHY OUT TO WHERE THE BARGE LAY GROANING...

SOMEHOW HE MANAGED TO REACH THE SARGE UNHARMED...



AND A MOMENT LATER HE BEGAN THE TOUGH JOB OF DRAGGING THE WOUNDED WHIP BACK...



AT TIMES IT SEEMED AS IF THEY WOULD NEVER MAKE IT...



IT MUST HAVE BEEN A DAY FOR MIRACLES, FOR A FEW MINUTES LATER WILLING HANDS PULLED THEM TO SAFETY...



-THE END-